

## SUCCESSFUL FAIR CLOSES

(Continued from first page.)

18—Best Suckling Stallion, 1916 foal, saddle bred—Wm. Jones & Son's "Goldsmith," first; Jas. Guilfoile's "Raymont Chief," second.

19—Best Green Harness Horse, either sex, over 3 years—McCray Bros'. "Willie McDonald," first; J. T. Collins & Son's entry, second.

21—Best Yearling Stallion, saddle bred—Wm. Jones & Son's "King's Courier," first; Chennault Woodford's entry, second.

21 to 21 declared off because of rain.

32—Five-Gaited Saddle Championship, either sex, any age—McCray Bros'. "Dare Devil," first; McCray Bros'. "Willie McDonald," second; J. T. Collins & Son's entry, third.

### Thursday's Races.

The 2:24 Pace and the 2:15 Trot were postponed until Friday because of muddy track.

In the "Banker's Prize" Running Races at six furlongs, Purple and Gold won; Guineo Blossom, second; Nancy Clancy, third. The winner was favorite in the betting, paying \$3.60 in the mutuels and even money against the field in the pools.

"The Merchant's Stake" at one mile, went to Sidney Helman, who beat the favorite, Niagara, handily; Mid Mexican was second and Niagara was third. Sidney Helman paid \$3.90 to \$2 in the mutuels and was in the field with Niagara as favorite in the pool at \$2.50 to \$2.

### Friday Morning Ring Display.

34—Best Five-Gaited Gelding, any age—McCray Bros', entry, first and second.

35—Best 2-year-old Harness Horse, either sex—McCray Bros', entries, first and second.

36—Best Jack, 1-year-old and under 2—J. M. Huttsell's "Ben Henry," first; E. B. Quisenberry's "Dandy," second.

37—Best Jack, 2-years-old and under 3—W. D. Judy's "Judge B.," first; J. M. Huttsell's "Big See," second.

38—Best Jack, any age—W. D. Judy's "Judge B.," first; J. M. Huttsell's "Big See," second.

39—Best Farm Team Mares or Gelding, shown to wagon—J. L. Faulkner's Mat and Pearl, first.

40—Best Harness Gelding, any age—McCray Bros'. "Dare Devil," first; John T. Collins & Son's "Hiawatha," second.

41—Best Brood Mare and Suckling Foal, saddle bred—Wm. Jones & Son's "Area King," and "Bourbon Grace," first and second.

42—Best Saddle Shetland Pony ridden by boy or girl under 14 years—S. B. Burgess' "Daftidill," first; Joe Gully's "Jack," second.

43—Best Automobile Fancy Turn-out—Miss Lucile Huls and Mr. Albert Botis, first; Miss Mary Vansant Tabb and Mr. O. W. McClure, second.

second.

44—Best Roadster, either sex, any age—J. T. Collins & Son's "Hiawatha," first; H. S. Greene's "Fan Mac," second.

45—Best Family Buggy Horse—George C. Eastin, first; Miss Cravens, second.

52—Handsome Boy Baby, under two years—Wm. L. Ford, son of Marion Ford, first; Geo. Morrison Boone, son of Mrs. Lena Boone, second.

53—Prettiest Girl Baby, under two years—Mary Elma Downs, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Downs, first.

### Friday's Races.

In the Three-Minute Trot, for horses that never started in a race, the judges awarded first money to Richard Fox and second to Betty Salisbury after six heats had been trotted and three horses winning two each. Pythian Knight won the first two heats but was distanced in the fifth. Best time, 2:22 1/4.

In the 2:15 Trotting Class, Mendosa T., owned by J. R. Magowan, this city, won the first heat, but Nancy McGregor took the next three. The best time was 2:17 3/4, made in the first heat.

The Two-year-old Trot was won by Hillbrook Sage in straight heats, Frank Caton finishing second. Best time, 2:26 1/4.

### Saturday's Ring Display Awards.

54—Best Horse Mule, under one year—Rankin & Berry's "Nicholas Pride," first.

55—Best Horse Mule, one and under two years—John Marr's "Mike," first.

56—Best Horse Mule, two and under three years—C. J. Boswell's "Joe," first.

57—Best Horse Mule, over three years—G. R. Stoker's "Joe," first; Gentry, Thompson & Duval's "Prince," second.

58—Best Mare Mule, under one year—Martin L. Saunders' "Kissie May," first; Myers & McClintock's "Miss Peters," second.

59—Best Mare Mule, one year and under two—John Marr's "Hazel Dawn," first; John Marr's "Grey Bell," second.

60—Best Mare Mule, two years and under three—Chas. Martin, first and second.

61—Best Mare Mule, over three years—Chas. Martin's "Red," first; Gentry, Thompson & Duval's "Bell," second.

62—Best Horse Mule, any age—G. R. Stoker's "Joe," first; Berry & Rankin's "Nicholas Pride," second.

63—Best Mare Mule, any age—Chas. Martin's "Red," first.

64—Best Brood Mare and Suckling Mule—Myers & McClintock, first; Chas. Clark, second.

65—Best Pair Mules, either sex, any age—Gentry, Thompson & Duval's "Bell" and "Queen," first.

67—Best Heifer, under one year, shown to halter—Omer Clark, first; Marker Hart, second.

68—Best Milch Cow, any age, used in dairy—Virgil Sullivan, first;

Barber Hart, second.

70—Suckling Mule Sweepstakes—Martin & Saunders' "Kissie May," first; Myers & McClintock's "Miss Peters," second; Gilkey & Collins' "Annie," third; Chas. Clark's "Bourbon Bell," fourth.

71—Best Combined Horse, either sex—McCray Bros'. "Dare Devil," first; McCray Bros'. "Willie McDonald," second.

72—Best Mule, either sex, any age—Rankin & Berry's "Carlisle Pride," first; John Marr's "Julia," second; Chas. Martin's "Plumb," third; Chas. Martin's "Red," fourth; John Marr's "Hax-Dan," fifth; Gentry, Thompson & Duval's "Bell," sixth.

76—Light Harness Championship—J. T. Collins & Son's "Hiawatha," first; J. T. Collins & Son's "Emperor," second.

80—Best Suckling Mule, foal 1916—T. S. Bramblett, first; Will Copher, second; Earl Quisenberry, third.

Special—Best Pig, litter of 1916—S. D. Lockridge, first; Henry Barnes, second.

### Saturday's Races.

Arnoldine won the 2:25 pacing event in straight heats. Walker Darling got second money and True Fast third. Best time, 2:16 1/4.

In the 2:40 Trot, Gunfire, owned and driven by Roy Morris, this city, won three heats after losing the first two to Pavlova. In the third heat, Pavlova, after winning the first two, fell the first time around and was distanced. Fortunately no one was hurt in the spill. The best time for this event was 2:17 1/4.

In the 2:13 Pacing Class Lucile Brooks, owned and driven by E. R. Little, won the first heat, but the next three were captured by Red S.

Found—A walking cane in the dining room at the Fair Grounds. Apply at this office.

### THE BOY THAT WAS

When the hair about the temples starts to show the signs of gray, and a fellow realizes that he's wandering far away

From the pleasures of his boyhood and his youth and never more Will know the joy of laughter as he did in days of yore, Oh, it's then he starts to thinking of a stubby little lad With a face as brown as berries and a soul supremely glad.

When a gray-haired dreamer wanders down the lanes of memory And forgets the living present for the time of "used-to-be"; He takes off his shoes and stockings, and he throws his coat away, And he's free from all restrictions, save the rules of manly play. He may be in tattered garments, but bareheaded in the sun He forgets his proud successes and the riches he has won.

Oh, there's not a man that liveth but would give his all to be The stubby little fellow that in dreamland he can see, And the splendors that surround him and the joys about him spread

Only seem to rise to taunt him with the boyhood that has fled. When the hair about the temples starts to show Time's silver stain, Then the richest man that's living yearns to be a boy again.

Houston Post.

### "CHAMPION" GETS HIS

A wrestler with one of the shows on the midway here last week, styling himself as middleweight champion of the world, "got his" when he was pitted against Bruce Willoughby, a local boy. In eight minutes after they went on the mat Willoughby had his opponent's shoulders safely pinned and it seemed could have held him all night if he had so desired.

### Glasses Found.

Pair gold rimmed glasses with chain spring holder. Owner may have property by paying for this advertisement.

## TARDY BUT TRUE

By ELSIE SEE.

It was well known in Plainville that Madge Ingram, who five years ago had refused to wed Jim Butler, the merchant prince of the town, was now getting a good salary as private secretary to a city lawyer. It was equally well known that the merchant's young wife of a year kept a servant and an automobile and had charge accounts at the city department stores. Every time Madge came home for a vacation, Plainville weighed the respective merits of her independence and the merchant's wife's affluence, but the shrewdest of the gossips did not suspect that a memory undating her affair with Jim Butler meant more to Madge than anything that had come into her life.

One summer morning Madge alighted from the six o'clock train for her vacation without having told of her coming, as she preferred to surprise her parents by appearing unannounced for breakfast.

"What's doing today, mother? Is there a picnic?" asked Madge, after breakfast.

"Now, how did you guess that?"

"I saw Tom Jordan hauling some giant ice cream freezers and a lot of fruit up to the Maplewood pasture and, oh I saw a distinguished-looking man in gray tweed over near the hotel. He looked like a man of affairs above and beyond Plainville picnics."

"That must have been Tom Whitlow. He's here for a visit, and he dresses like that and is staying at the hotel."

"Tom Whitlow, who used to—"

Madge hesitated, and her mother continued:

"Used to drive Butler's delivery wagon. But they say he's made something of himself. He is manager of some mines out West somewhere."

That afternoon Madge went with her parents to the picnic, and, although she felt a certain pleasure in greeting her old friends, she soon began to feel keenly that she was no longer in sympathy with their lives or they with hers.

As she walked around a thick clump of hazelnut bushes and sumacs a tall man in blue serge, who had been sitting on the grass with his broad shoulders against a tree, rose and removed his hat in respectful, but embarrassed greeting.

"I hope I haven't startled you," he said, "and may I hope, also, that you would care to remember Tom Whitlow?"

"Not at all," blurted Madge. Then, in embarrassment, she hastened to add: "That is, you didn't startle me, and I'm glad to meet you again. But are you sure you know who I am?"

"You? Why, you're Madge Ingram. Pardon me—Miss Ingram."

"No—let's be Madge and Tom before we begin to be formal," said she, extending her hand. "You used to help me with my lessons, but you wouldn't talk to me. Won't you make up for lost time now by telling me of the interesting things you've been doing?"

"May I not tell you what I wanted to tell you years ago, but hadn't the courage?" His gray eyes were eager and his strong hand still held hers. "May I not tell you that it was you who first aroused in me a desire to do things? Some of the girls at school made mouths because they had to stand beside me in class, but you never did. Those girls, later, looked over my head when they saw me driving a delivery wagon, but you spoke to me even then. And may I tell you that I went away determined to achieve something that would make me worthy of even more than your friendly greetings? I worked away for a year, and then I heard you were going to marry Jim Butler."

He turned away and dropped her hand. "I never opened another issue of the little old Plainville paper for fear I'd find the account of your wedding. I worked my way through the state university and into mining engineering. For years my work has absorbed me, and I've known nothing of what went on at Plainville, but last week in a railroad restaurant out West I happened to hear news of you. I overheard one woman tourist speaking to another as they sat at dinner. 'I begged Madge Ingram to make this trip with me,' she said, 'but she thought she must go to Plainville, and told her she'd as well have married that merchant after all, but she says there's a lot of difference between going for a vacation and a lifetime.'"

"That must have been Elsie Warren," exclaimed Madge, "and what a coincidence that you should have heard her say that just as you were starting to Plainville!"

"But I wasn't starting until I heard that! It was knowing you were free that brought me here! It is because I've loved you ever since we were children that I've tried to make myself worthy of you. It's because I love you now that I'm telling you all this in such a blundering way, and it's because I'll always love you that I'm daring to ask you to go away with me to the West. Madge, could you marry a man who once drove a delivery wagon, and who loves you so much that he is making a sorry mess of telling you?"

She smiled into his face. "You might have asked me that question any time in the past five years. Tom, and I shouldn't have had the courage to refuse," she said.

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## JUST FOR TONIGHT

By EARL REED SILVERS.

The strains of "Just for Tonight" died away. Phil Rendall looked into the eyes of Mildred Arnold and smiled.

"Is it going to be just for tonight with us?" he whispered.

"I guess so, Phil." She spoke kindly, but there was a hint of determination in her voice. "There's Arthur, you know."

Phil frowned darkly. "Are you engaged to him?"

"Almost." Mildred's voice quivered slightly. "It isn't announced yet, but two years ago, when he was a sophomore in college, I promised him."

"And now, when you know that he isn't all you thought he was, are you going to keep your promise?"

"Yes." They had walked to the porch of the big gymnasium and were standing in the shadows. "It's the only thing for me to do."

"But your whole future is at stake."

"I know, but that doesn't make a promise less binding. Arthur hasn't done anything wrong so far as I know. He's just weak, but lots and lots of men are weak, and girls have married them just the same."

"He's a coward," Phil spoke hotly. "You—you really haven't any right to say that." The girl laid a restraining hand on his arm.

He was silent for a minute or two, but suddenly he turned to her impulsively. "I know I shouldn't say these things," he said, "but it hurts me so to know that you are going to give yourself to someone who isn't worthy of you. Not that I am," he added hastily, "but at least I'm more of a man than Arthur Martin is."

"I know you are." She spoke softly. The music for the next dance drifted out of the open doorway, and Arthur Martin appeared to claim his partner. Phil watched them until they were lost in the shifting crowd of dancers.

"If only something would happen to show her what a cad he is!" he muttered.

Phil saw them at the baseball game the next afternoon, and in the evening, when he stood on the porch of Ferrol hall, where the final dance of junior week was being held, he watched as they whirled off together to the strains of "Mighty like a Rose," the first waltz of the night.

Phil managed to engage the sixth and seventh dances with Mildred, and instead of staying in the crowded hall they walked over the shadowy paths of the Belmont campus until they came to the steps of the old King's building, where they lingered. They were half hidden in the shadows, and the two persons who stood beneath the arc light, not ten feet away, did not notice them. Phil started as he noted that one of the figures was Arthur Martin and the other Nellie Burt, whom he knew by sight as a factory hand for the Thompson company downtown.

They could hear Martin speaking angrily.

"I tell you, I'm through," he said. "But you promised to marry me!" There was a hint of tears in the girl's voice.

"I can't marry you; I'm engaged to someone else."

"You must!" She spoke tensely, and seized the arm of his coat. "You can't turn me down like this."

"I'm not turning you down. I didn't promise to marry you—just suggested that we might possibly be married some day."

"You asked me that night on the river."

"I didn't."

"You did—you know you did."

The two in the shadows could not help hearing what was said. Phil recovered from his amazement first, and took Mildred's arm.

"Come on," he suggested. "Let's go back to the hall."

"No," Mildred spoke firmly. "I'm going to find out the truth about this affair."

Before he could stop her she had confronted Martin and the other girl.

"Arthur," she asked, "is this girl speaking the truth?"

Martin gasped as he saw her.

Nellie Burt stepped forward.

"Are you the girl he's engaged to?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, he promised to marry me. I gave up all the other boys for him, and now he's going to turn me down."

"Don't believe her," Martin strove desperately to make his voice sound convincing.

"I heard you tell her that you had suggested marriage," Mildred spoke firmly. "I've heard rumors of this kind of things before, Arthur, but I didn't believe them. Now I know that they are so."

"But this girl isn't anything to me."

"It doesn't make any difference whether she is or not. You have proved that you can't be trusted."

"Mildred!" There was a world of entreaty in his voice. He took a step toward her.

"No!" She turned away. "You may consider our engagement at an end." Without another word, she took Phil's arm and they walked away.

They were silent until they reached Ferrol hall. As they entered the door the strains of "Just for Tonight" burst across the room.

When the waltz was concluded he looked into her eyes.

"Is it still just for tonight with us?" he questioned.

"No, not for tonight." She smiled up at him. "For always."

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## MARRIAGE NOT THE WAY OUT

Working Girl May Find Her Lot Harder Than Ever When She Enters Wedlock.

One of the most serious obstacles to woman's advancement in industrial life is the general feeling on the part of the woman that it isn't going to be necessary to work for any great length of time, because the "knight" will soon be coming along, when she will have a home of her own, declares Detroit Journal.

"What's the use?" many a woman has said when it was suggested to her that she give more thought to her task. "The work is only temporary, so what is the use of bothering one's brain with thinking out details?"

The exaggerated expectations of girls as to the improvement of their lot when married in the matter of work is something wonderful. Society helps to accentuate this belief by society frowning on woman workers and insisting that they go to house-keeping and get out of the industrial grind.

Now a woman in "the lower walks of life," as one puts it, which means a woman who is one of a family with an income less than will support all the members on the wages of the father, cannot escape work by getting married.

With married life on a small income the necessity of work is more pressing than when single. For married life presupposes more than one stomach to be fed or one back to be clothed. In due time, ordinarily, there will be three, four or five mouths to be fed and backs to be clothed. Work? Most women know little about work until they are married.

So married life is not an escape from work. The woman who does not become a "housewife," instead of being simply a "help eat," has missed her calling in getting married, just as she missed her calling when employed in store or factory or office in not becoming efficient.

## GAINED FAME AS PUGILIST

John Broughton, English Fighter, Only Man Credited With Having Won Two Prized Distinctions.

John Broughton, alone among English professional pugilists, can claim the double distinction of an Abbey funeral and having had dedicated to him a poem by the poet laureate. It was in 1744 that Paul Whitehead published his "Gymnasia," or "Boxing Match," which he inscribed, "To the most pious and invincible Mr. John Broughton." As early as 1730 Broughton had achieved athletic distinction as the winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge.

The science of boxing owes much to Broughton. "He promulgated a 'code' for the guidance of the combatants and the satisfaction of the judges," writes Mr. Guy Nickalls. "His new rules were agreed upon by pugilists and approved of by the gentlemen on August 18, 1743, and lasted in perfect integrity until 1838, a period of nearly 100 years. He introduced science and humanity into what was up till then a barbarous sport, by not only inventing defensive guards, but also preventing a man being hit when he was down. He also introduced gloves or muffers for conducting mock combats or sparring matches." Broughton's patron was the duke of Cumberland, who made him a yeoman of the guard.

### Quaint Raincoat.

When rain falls in tropical countries there is no mistake about it. The rain comes as if it meant to sweep away all such trifles as trees and bushes. A man who goes out in this deluge must protect himself, but he finds that a mackintosh of the lightest kind has its disadvantages, for if it keeps the rain out, it also keeps the heat in.

The raincoat devised by the Mexicans is called a "chino," and is so porous that the heat of the body readily escapes, while owing to its construction it keeps the wearer dry. The chino is made of numberless long, narrow strips of dried palm-leaf, one end of each strip being woven into a light fabric and the rest falling loose. The wearer of this garment rustles as he walks, and the rain pattering upon it makes a pleasant sound. Arrived at the house, he takes off his palm-leaf hat, shakes it, and hangs it up to dry. Then he slips off his chino, shakes that also, and hangs it up. He himself is untouched by the rain, but the chino, as it hangs up, looks like a huge, damp, brown cassock. Surely this raincoat is the quaintest in the world.

### Dog Is Truly Faithful.

That a dog is a most faithful animal was proved in Seaford recently, says the Seaford (Del.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record.

The late Wilson W. Donoho for many years acted as yardmaster at the cannery of Greenbush brothers in the pen-canning season, and every morning his little dog Sport accompanied him to his work when the whistle sounded and stayed with him throughout the day, stationing himself beside an electric light pole in the yard until the cannery closed for the night. Several days when Donoho was sick or absent Sport made the trip alone, but always found friends to share their dinners with him.

This year, when the whistle blew for the first time, Sport left home and went direct to the factory and continued to do so from day to day, refusing to leave his favorite resting place beside the pole.

## ONE BIG DAY FOR BARGAINS

We have just gone through our stock and taken from it all Remnants and Short Lengths which we are going to sell at a sacrifice to make room for New Fall Goods. This sale will positively be for

ONE DAY ONLY

SATURDAY, JULY 29

Remember these are not lengths bought special for this day but strictly first class merchandise.

COME EARLY, GET YOUR SHARE

J. D. Hazelrigg & Son

MATTINGS RUGS DRESS GOODS NOTIONS LINOLEUMS